

SAY! IT'S A FRIGHT—SOME UNKNOWNNS HAVE TURNED THE TABLES ON POOR OLD WALL STREET

New York, Feb. 17.—Long, loud and pitiful are the wails that are going up from Wall street today.

That home of the skin game artist and land of the sucker is indeed in a painful predicament.

Its favorite occupation has been taken from it; it has been relegated to a back seat in its own chosen walk in life; and it is sore and peevish and helpless.

And whiel the relegating is going on, evil minded representatives of the people are demanding an investigation "into the black hand methods of the financial mafia," thereby meaning Wall street.

For lo these many years, it has been the chosen province of Wall street to hold up every one who came there, to induce them to pay out the lang and valuable green for "water," to seperate people from their money by any and all means.

And now a gang of light-minded robbers is going through Wall street's pockets with precision and extreme thoroughness, and getting away with the goods.

As one excited broker put it today:

"What's the meaning of it? What's the matter with the mayor, and the police and the fire department and the country?"

"What are the mayor and the police and the fire department for except to see that us business

men are allowed to pursue our peaceful avocation of getting the suckers without interruption? And what's the rest of the country for except to furnish us with suckers?"

"And here, within a week, the police have allowed a gang of highbinders to get away with \$50,000 right in Wall street and from members of Wall street's gang?"

"And while it's going on that man Henry, from Texas, is getting up in congress and sayin', 'It's high time for this house to inquire into the black hand methods of the financial mafit,' and getting the people all het up an' sore an' down on us business men!"

"What are we going to do about it? What are the police going to do about it? What are the people of the great and wonderful United States of America going to do about it?"

"It's awful—that's what it is—awful! All I have to say is that if crime of this sort is to be allowed, we'd better all—excuse me a moment, I see a man with some money."

And the broker left to separate a prosperous looking man who looked as if he had just blown in from Starved Dog, New Mexico, with a roll, from the roll.

But it's just as he aid. It's awful.

Here's \$25,000 in cold cash taken one day from the messengers of the East River National